EL PASO HERALD

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Honest Difference Of Opinion

THE conservationists are squarely divided upon the question of state or federal control. The Pinchot element demands that the national government retain full sovereignty and ownership over the coal and oil lands, and the water power sites, as well as the forests remaining in possession of the nation, adopting the lease system to admit of development; a very strong opposition element denounces the policy of perpetual national ownership and control and desires to see the "public domain" done away with as fast as the lands can be taken over by private owners with a view to ultimate development.

"The new nationalism" has advocates and strong opponents in both the old parties. It is not a partisan question, and there is no likelihood of either party taking as radical a stand as Pinchot, Garfield, and Roosevelt have taken with respect to perpetuating the national domain. The "States' rights" idea may crop out here and there in support of arguments for the breaking up of the national domain and the progressive cession of public lands to the separate states; but the Democratic party cannot afford to make a party tenet out of opposition to the national conservation policy, and the fight must remain rather a local issue in the various western states having large bodies of public lands awaiting development, and not subject to taxation while they remain in the possession of the government.

A very broad principle of government is involved in the general scheme of so-called "conservation," and thoughtful people may be pardoned for reserving judgment while the discussion of principles goes on. The whole history of our national development has been a story of individual effort and individual ownership of lands and primary resources, and unless the principle of collective ownership of land and collective right to the increments of land values be generally recognized and generally applied, it may well be doubted whether the people of the United States are ready to sanction, as a matter of principle, the perpetual ownership and control by the general government of hundreds of millions of acres of domain lying within the borders of the several states.

It is a curious phase of human nature that certain questions seem to arouse a sort of personal and spiritual bitterness so that calm judgment is hindered. "Conservation" is such a subject, and chronic readers of the Collier type of magazine seem unwilling to concede honesty of motive or the right of examination to citizens who pause before they swallow the extreme Pinchot-Garfield doctrine.

One thing we need in this country at the present crisis of changing political programs is a general recognition of the right of the individual to inquire and examine as to all nostrums set out on the shelves, and to form opinions without being necessarily branded thieves, grafters, and undesirable citizens. And not every advocate of state control of natural resources and gradual breaking up of the national domain is a "despoiler," any more than the advocate of a more liberal land and mineral policy in west Texas is a "despoiler."

The policy that will best conserve our natural wealth against wanton waste while best promoting its economic development is the policy deserving support, and it has not been made entirely clear just what lines such a policy will follow. Thre is danger that the real issue will be obscured in the dust of the tumult, for the element of flushed face, vibrating lip, and pounding heart can never quite do justice to the element of cool brow, calm gaze, and regular breathing.

It's a good thing not to be a Chinaman these days; the Chinaboys are now traveling in pairs and fours, and they don't turn a corner without looking.

Reguar Cloudcroft nights, these we are having at home nowadays. Already time to shake the straw hat and it will soon be time to dig out the union suit.

The Southwestern is doing its share to make Cloudcroft a success—it will keep its trains going daily all the month, according to announcement.

Mexico is a hundred years old this week and the greater part of her development into a great nation has been under the guiding hand of one man. Porfirio Diaz may be a lot of things the magazine writers say he is, but he has done wonders for Mexico.

A Dirge For Our National Air

WHY is it necessary for our municipal band to play the Star Spangled Banner as if it were a dirge? The fact is, outside of a few of our army bands, you never hear this American national anthem played with as much spirit and intelligence in the United States as it is played by the bands of the Mexican army. The Mexican army bands play our national air with tremendous spirit and fire, a crashing rhythm of swelling patriotic feeling that inspires Americans always to a new realization of what our national air really means. But the majority of American bands play it either trivially without breadth or dignity, or else as a dirge, slow, with soft interlude passages, and a pathetic ending.

The El Paso municipal band makes about as bad a botch of it as one often hears. The piece should be played with snap and vigor of attack, a fine rapid steady swing and verve cartying the spirit of patriotic inspiration; it is a mistake to play a part of it slower and subdued, while the ending should be an impressive burst of thrilling harmony, not a diminuendo scrambling after instrument cases, or half hearted like a eulogy over the soggy remains of the town bum.

No evangelist has yet condemned the slaughter of yellow legged chickens for the minister's Sunday dinner.

Arizona and New Mexico are at least started on the road to statehood. Now, let them draw up sane constitutions and get it.

Twenty big shows on twenty cars—count 'em. Just another of Frank Rich's attractions for the El Paso fair. Fun for everybody and some to spare.

Politics have reached the shooting point in Tucson and this is only the beginning. What will they do when they get down to real business.

The "wild and woolly" days of the west don't all seem to be over yet. We have a stage robbery, or a bank robbery, every once in a while, just like they have back in the effete east.

While an American has just completed a trip by aeroplane from Paris to London and is receiving much attention in London, an Englishman has been capturing all the prizes in the airmeet at Boston. Honors are about even in the airship world, wtih the Americans and English perhaps a trifle ahead of the continent. America was late starting, but she is making good.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

MY SHACK is rather poor and humble, but on its roof the sunshine plays, and in the yard the glad bees bumble, and birds are singing rag-time lays; my hours are long, my work is grinding, I journey homeward tired and sore, but happy, for I'm sure of finding a face that's sunny at the door. I suffer under sling and arrow the whole day long, and I grow sad; encounter people mean and narrow, and much that's wearisome and bad; but in the growing dusk I wander, my troubles and my worries o'er, to that small cottage over yonder, and one who loves me at the door. The man who labors in the ditches, at hewing rock or plowing loam, should heedless be of wordly riches, if some one loves him in his home. When warnings from the evening bell come that day is done, its labor o'er, how sweet it is to meet a welcome from one who loves you, at the door!

THE FACE AT THE DOOR

Walt Mason

LITTLE LOVE STORIES

No. 4—With the Aid Of the Waiter By Mabel Herbert Urner

SHE glanced over the letters that lay on the ledge of the hatrack. But there was nothing for her. There never was.

Wearily she climbed the three flights of stairs to her room—a back hall room. A close, musty odor greeted her. She went to the window, pushed back the dingy lace curtains to let in more air.

A dismal stretch of dark roofs and littered back yards lay before her. Clothes flapped dejectedly from countless lines and fire escapes. Ash barrels, bottles, rubbish.

She turned from the window to shut out the squalid scene, threw herself on the narrow bed and sobbed despairingly. How much longer could she bear it? The sordid misery of it all was eating into her soul. The monotonous work all day in a noisy, crowded office and the long, dreary evenings in this dingy, little room.

And this was the 12th of September. The fourth anniversary of her marriage. All day she had been trying not to think of the date, to force from her mind every thought of what it had once meant. But now she gave herself up to the rush of memories that swept over her.

For almost an hour she lay there, forgetting the dreary misery of her surroundings in the memory of a sheltered protected happiness. How tenderly he had shielded her from every care and hardship. And now—

The sound of a harsh jangling bell. She started up with a shudder—the dinner bell. She could not go down tonight. Her whole nature shrank from the thought of the dingy basement dining room, the long tables with the soiled cloths and damp napkins, the smell of food, the cheap talk and laughter.

Her throat ached as she thought of how a year ago she was dining happily with her husband at the cafe ——. How often they had dined there, always the same table, the same waiter. A sudden thought possessed her. Why should she not go there tonight? Her heart beat fast. Just for one more glimpse of the place where they had spent so many happy hours. She could sit at the same table, have the same waiter, and try to imagine that he was with her.

Oh, how she longed for it. She had deprived herself of so much—surely she could have this. The ten dollars she had saved in case she should be sick—but she would not be sick, or she would work just the same if she was. She would take that money and have one more hour of warmth and lights and music.

For the next hour she did not stop to think—she only acted. With marvelous swiftness she unpacked a soft gray crepe, the only gown of her old life that she had brought with her. Eagerly, nervously, she dressed. A last glance at the wavy mirror and she was again hurrying down the long dark hall and stairs out to the street.

The green and blue bottles of a drug store shone out cheerfully from the next block. A moment later she was there telephoning to the head writer of the Cafe ——.

"Yes, the sixth table from the entrance on the left side."

"You tnink it is already reserved? Yes, I will hold the phone until you find out positively."

"Hello. It is reserved—but I can have the one just back of it?" She hesitated a second, and then: "Very well. I will take it."

Two blocks farther down she took the car. Quickly she was carried from the shabby boarding house district into broad, well lighted thoroughfares. Cabs, automobiles and crowds of well dressed people surged by. With breathless interest she watched the streets and buildings. She was almost there.

At the corner she left the car and hurried across the street to the brilliantly lighted cafe. A moment later the head waiter seated her at her table. It had all happened with bewildering quickness.

And then Park was bowing and smiling before her.

"Good evening, M'am." He spoke as though she had been there only a few nights before, instead of it having been over eight months since he had last served her. It is a way waiters—good waiters—have. He tipped forward the chair opposite her.

"You are waiting, m'am?"

She flushed, painfully. Oh, why had she not thought of that. Of course, they would think she was waiting for her husband. Women do not go alone to fashionable dining places, and she had always been there with him.

"Oh, yes; Mr. Wilmer will probably be here later. He telephoned that he was detained. But I—I think I will order and let you serve me now. He may be quite late."

"Yes, m'am." And a menu was placed before her.

She had not intended to say that; the words had come of themselves. But just the saying of them had thrilled her. He was coming later. He had been detained at his office. He would join her soon.

Her mind dwelt lingeringly on the phrases. She would try to believe them—to live this one hour as though they were true.

She wrote her order, and then leaned back and gave herself up to the alluring charm of it all. The music, the lights, the palms, the murmur of voices—it was all the same. The same crested china. The same red silk-beaded shades for the table lights—in playing with the fringes one night she had broken off a few of the beads. She wondered if she could find the same strand—it was shorter than the others.

But that had been at the old table—the table in front of her. It was not taken yet, but a chair was tipped forward to mark it reserved. She felt an unreasoning resentment at the persons who had engaged it. There were so many tables; they might have chosen some other.

Park was placing a hassock under her feet. She smiled her acknowledgment. Park always remembered her little preferences—a footstool, unsalted butter, and a dessert, not a tablespoon, for her soup.

At first the excited, exhilarated happiness she felt in the surroundings had absorbed her completely. But gradually she became conscious of her embarrassing position. The cafe was crowded and only she was alone. The women at the other tables talking and laughing with their escorts accentuated her sense of isolation.

The orchestra now began the opening bars from a Hungarian rhapsody. That they should play that tonight. The thing hed had loved so much and had so often requested them to play.

And then—she put her hand to her throat as though to stop the cry that was there. The man, who had passed and who was now taking a seat alone at the reserved table was—her husband.

He had not seen her. For a dazed moment she was conscious only of that. And then she saw Park hurrying over. He was going to tell him. The waiter thought that, not seeing her he had taken the wrong table. Was it a swift intuition that made Park just then glance toward her? For one tense second her eyes held his. He paused uncertainly. Then a slight motion brought him to her side.

"Will you order a cab at once?"

"Very well, m'am."

A flaming rush of fear and shame had swept over her. If she should turn around. To have him think she had come there hoping to see him—trying to win him back—or, no—no, not that. Park returned almost immediately, deftly and silently helped her into her wrap and followed her out to the cab.

When the cab door shut her in Katherine leaned back against the cushions with white lips, closed eyes and tightly clenched hands. She did not notice that Park held a low and hurried conversation with the driver and that it was several moments before the cab started, and then it was driven very slowly.

Park hurried back through the cafe straight toward Mr. Wilmer's table.

"Pardon me, sir, but I think you will like to know that"—

Mr. Wilmer glanced up in surprise. It was not Park's usual voice or expression.

"The lady—the one who used to come here with wou so often—was sitting at the table behind you. She has just left and I"——

George Wilmer was on his feet. A fork clattered to the floor.

"Here? My wife here? And you didn't tell me—you didn't—Which way did she go?"

"She took a cab, sir."

"The address? What address did she give?"

"She gave it to the driver herself—I could not hear. But I bribed the man to drive along the avenue very slowly—and there's another driver out there who knows the cab—in case you want to"——

"Yes—yes. Which one?"

They were already at the door.

"Do you know that cab—the one that just left here with a lady?" he called up to the driver.

"Yes, sir."

"If you catch it and persuade the man to take the lady to —— West End avenue—that is, without her knowing it—I will give you $20 each. It is all right—the lady is my wife."

Katherine did not see the cab that was following almost beside her, nor hear the words the drivers had exchanged. With closed eyes she was picturing her husband as she had seen him for those few moments. The slight stoop of the shoulders, the familiar pose of the head, the touch of gray in the hair along the temples. Oh, her heart seemed breaking with the burden of yearning love.

At length came the sound of wheels grating against a curbing. The cab stopped. She stepped out. It was not the dingy boarding house that stood before her—but her own home.

For one bewildering second she shrank back toward the cab. Then she saw her husband coming toward her. Now he was holding her close and his voice was whispering:

"Katherine. Katherine."

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

Engine 655 of the G. H. is just out of the shop after a thorough overhauling, and is limbering up for road service

The bachelors and summer grass widowers will give their last blowout of the season at the Golden Eagle on the 19th.

Col. Van Valzah of the 18th infantry, with the officers of the garrison and the regimental band, are visiting Col. Juan Hernandez in Juarez.

The partnership existing between E. L. Robertson and J. M. Wiley has been dissolved.

The private car Guadalupe, belonging to Pearson and company, the Tampico jetty builders, came up this morning with exgovernor Galindo of the federal district, with his wife, daughter and maids. They went to Chicago, enroute to Paris.

Boyd Bros. of New Mexico will receive from the south a large consignment of cattle this week.

The plaza was packed last night to hear the McGinty band concert. The band was short a solo cornet, the first oboe and a slide trombone, but the boys managed to get along.

The new plaza market is proving a success, and the housekeepers are flocking in there daily.

There will be no change in the time of the Santa Fe trains until after the presidential election on November 4.

Bakers Of the Nation Meet To Discuss Making Of Bread

By Frederic J. Haskin

NEED OF BETTER AMERICAN BREAD

THE National Association of Master Bakers will begin its annual convention in Baltimore today. Many hundred bakers, coming from every state and important city in the United States, are in attendance. Several important problems will be considered by the association at this meeting, the most important of which is how to increase the consumption of bakers' bread. The breadmaking authorities have figured that 70 percent of all the bread consumed in the United States is made at home, and the bakers believe that they ought to be able to furnish at least one-half of the bread used by the American people. Many bakers attribute the small share of the breadmaking business they get to the dislike of housewives for handled loaves and declare that if the bakers would deliver their bread in wrappers made of paraffin paper it would increase the consumption of bakers' bread to a remarkable degree.

Wax Paper Injurious.

There are those bakers, however, who assert that wax paper wrappers, put on at the time the bread is taken from the oven, injure the quality of the bread, and that their customers do not like it as well as the unwrapped bread. In a few cases bakers have tried to change from unwrapped to wrapped bread, and have failed in the experience. But for the most part it has been found that the bread delivered in wrappers has been a good business getter. This question in all its phases was considered at the last annual convention, and will be one of the foremost topics of discussion at the present convention.

The bakers of the country are in fine fettle over the success of their crusade against bleached flour. They contended that the artificial bleaching of flour was used chiefly to make an inferior product appear as good as a superior product, and that through the bleaching process bakers were sold flour that was not up to standard. It was through them that this question of artificially bleached flour was carried up to the pure food board and through that body to the courts. Since the courts have held that the sale of such flour, without its nature being stated on the label, is an act of misbranding under the terms of the pure food law, the bakers are assured of being able to buy good flour for their products.

Many crusades have been conducted in various cities of the country against unclean baking establishments. In many of the principal cities of Virginia conditions were found to be very bad. The bakers who prided themselves on having clean and wholesome establishments felt very much grieved that the officials would not point out by name the establishments that were not clean, declaring that their refusal to do so injured the business of the careful bakers. In Boston, the Consumers' league made an investigation of the bakeshops of the city and prepared a bakers' white list, in which were included the names of such bakers as were found to be complying with all the laws of sanitation in their operations.

The bakers who produced the giant pie sent to president Taft last winter thought they had turned out the biggest thing in the pie line the world had ever seen. But if they had gone back into the history of baking as far as George III. of England, they would have found their effort laid in the shade. In the reign of that monarch "of inflated memory," the earl of Lonsdale sent him a meat pie which probably holds the recor dof being the biggest pie ever produced. It weighed 576 pounds. In its preparation there were used nine geese, two ducks, four "fowls,' six pigeons, six wild ducks, three teal, two starlings, 12 partridges, 15 woodcock, two guineas, three snipe, six plover, three waterhens, one wild goose, one curlew, 40 yellow hammers, 15 sparrows, 13 chaffinchs, two larks, four thrushes, 12 fieldfares, six blackbirds, 20 rabbits, one leg of mutton, one ham, three bushels of flour and 28 pounds of butter.

Breadmaking Ancient Art.

Breadmaking was in vogue before the era of written history, and is traced back to the obscurity enveloping the earliest ages of the human race. Excavations in the lake regions of Switzerland show that "the very staff of life, the comfort of the husband, the pride of the wife," was made in the stone age by our antediluvian ancestors. Not only are the stones used for pounding the meal and baking the bread to be found in these excavations, but the very bread itself has been unearthed, preserved by being carbonized in the fires that destroyed the pile of dwellings of the primitive race. Meiskommer found eight pounds while excavating at Robenhausen, being the remnant of about 40 pounds of bread when freshly made. At about the same time some bread was found at Wangen in a charred condition, but otherwise perfectly preserved. The loaves were nearly round and the bottom was flat or concave, showing that it had been baked on hot stones, much after the fashion of the old time country bakeoven.

One may go back 2800 years to the time when Abraham gave the angels bread on the Plains of Mamre, or 3600 years when Joseph sat down with his brethren to eat bread in the valley of Schechem, and the methods of making it are found to be the same that are in vogue in Mexico and Central America today, where the tortilla is still the national staff of life. The use of yeast in making bread is also of ancient origin. It is said that the best bakers in the world are to be found in Ger-

(Continued on Page 7)

Abe Martin

For ever' well-t'-do bachelor ther's forty women tryin' t' associate his early life with some sickly romance. It seems like th' more jewelry a feller wears th' less he amounts to.

Love In a Shadow

The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Hope North.

YOU would never have believed Hugh Mayfair was holiday making. He moved about in white flannels and a ladylike panama, but he looked as though he had just been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

This late afternoon Hugh lounged into the smoking room of the Clarence private hotel, and looked out over the singing sea. The glory of the sun had no attractions for him. He knew she was hiding away under the rocks of Seaward. He had seen her go in the company of a book, and his heart had gone along.

But he dared not follow. He was miserable.

There was nothing to be done. As he put it in the letter he wrote to his friend, Wiggs, "he had not been born early enough. He was, say, a couple of years too late." She could not be more than a two-year-old wife, he thought. She looked so very young, and girlish.

"But," he wrote on this afternoon, sitting at the smoking room window with his heart around the corner of the rocks, "I guess I must make up my mind that she and I have to walk separate ways. You old bigoted bachelor that you are, will probably think it a lucky thing for me. I can hear you saying it. I know you, and have your cheap, tawdry cynicism by heart; to think I have shared it. To think I have aided and abetted you to utter your empty 'cleverness.'

"But I tell you, Jack, I would give all I possess to win Dorothy. Do not laugh that I call her by her Christian name, I hold it a privilege that I know it. 'Mrs. Castle' reminds me too much of the tragedy."

He wrote much more of the same to his old friend, and by return post came the advice that he should leave Seaward. It was but a poor place to forget in. Let Hugh come back to London and he (Jack) would guarantee a cure within a week.

Hugh flogged himself into the belief that he was a fool. He went upstairs and packed his trunk. He asked for his bill, paid it, and the same evening set off for the station.

But his resolution waned as he went, and he turned away along the road to the cliffs.

The sun had gone down and the twilight was investigating the expanse of sea with the mystery of vagueness. For the first time he felt the peace of resignation. As the minutes went by it became a passion—to resign. It appealed to his sense of the dramatic. He would resign.

It was just as he was in this desperate mind that Dorothy Castle came along the path over the cliffs. He did not see her. He was seated now on an old rustic seat that stood back to a wall that once had formed part of a fortification, but now was creeper-grown. Behind the wall stood an old-world house, and it was as Dorothy came round the corner of the building that she caught a glimpse of the man. He had his head in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. She knew instinctively that he was in trouble, and as instinctively went through the gap in the wall towards him.

"Mr. Mayfair?" said she.

He looked up and saw the question in her eyes.

"Have I interrupted a reverie?" she went on humorously.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"Not a happy one, I should say."

"No."

"And why? What have you to grumble about? Only yesterday at dinner I heard someone say that few men had so bright a prospect before them as you have. It interested me. I am fascinated by art, and whenever I can meet one who is doing good work I do not let the opportunity slip by but seek to know that person and that person's ideals. That is my excuse for my questions."

"My ideals are dead, and nothing can revive them. My art is dead, and only one happening could revive its beauties for me," he answered dolefully. "I have been an artist ever since I can remember. Always an artist before everything. But now I am merely a man. The human element has conquered—and it is tragedy."

"And, can that happening not—not happen?" she queried.

"No—not without discredit both to me and one I would not harm, but rather serve."

"Ah, it is of the heart?"

"Yes, of all the heart, leaving no corner of it untouched, leaving no room for other ambition or other interest. It is dead—this ambition. All, all is dead save this love—that is hopeless."

"I may not ask who she is, but are you sure the future needs just must be so blank?"

Surely she would know now if he answered. Could he not restrain himself? No, his heart must bare itself or choke in its endeavor at suppression.

"She is already—loved."

"And loves in return, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, for she is pure and good. There is no deceit in her eyes. She is at once everything and nothing to me. I love her past words—and, she is married."

He looked to see how she accepted the avowal. A color rose in her cheeks, or was it the waving shadow from an overhanging bough?

"I am sorry."

It was all she said, and a silence fell between them.

"Suppose," he went on recklessly, after a while, "suppose I found she loved me—in spite of all? Suppose——"

But the girl drew back from him and clasped her hands convulsively.

"Ah, no," she said, staring out to the grey sea, "no! Do not think that. Do not spoil your love by such a thought."

There was a note in her voice that might have revealed disappointment or surprise, or both. He felt it justified him. A new light came into his eyes.

"I think so. I am almost sure she does. Does she not? Dorothy tell me, does she not?"

"I——"

"Yes. It is you. Did you not know? Did you not feel my love burning to you? I feel it is not wrong to tell you, and if it be, I still must speak. Now, you know—you know all—save the measure of my affection, and that I cannot put into words. Tell me, Dorothy, what would you have me do?"

Her head was turned away. She was trembling still.

"I do not understand," she commenced, but she could not go on. The words would not come.

"I am unkind. Perhaps in a little time you will forget, and when I am gone from your life—gone forever—you will forgive me. I could not help it. It was here, in my heart. There was no unworthy thought, but Dorothy, don't you understand—and yet, why should you, how can you understand my love for you?"

"Oh, it will pass, it will fade. You will forget." She spoke as though seeking a clue, an explanation. She wanted time to think.

"Let us go down on the beach," she said at last.

They rose and walked along the cliff path. The air seemed oppressive.

Neither of them spoke. Time paused, as it were, while she decided their destinies.

Suddenly she paused, and a laugh, half hysterical, broke the tense silence. Something had occurred to her—and the man looked first at the spot where the grass ran down over the very edge of the cliff, and then gazed into her eyes to read their message.

She had pulled up abruptly. Her hands were together. She was pulling something from her finger. It was the wedding ring.

In a moment it was free, and there was a shy smile in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Take it," she said, holding out the ring.

"But, but, why?" he stammered, not comprehending.

"Take it and examine it."

It was an old ring—worn and thin.

"It was my mother's," she said softly.

"And her name was—was Castle."

"Then you—you are free? Dorothy!"

She did not answer, but he knew now. Knew of his amazing mistake. It was a little time before his mind would work to the new position. Only by a serious effort could he understand that the hopelessness had gone—that she might be his. Instinct asserted itself, but before even elementary logic had restored itself and order reigned in his mind, his hand had gone out to her.

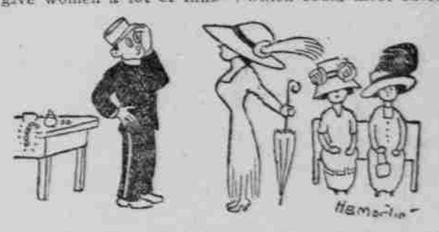
There was no need for words. She came to him, and the impossible happened. Their lips had met.

And they walked on down to Seaward.

Inklings and Thinklings

By WEX JONES

AS IT appears impossible to stop women from smuggling—a form of amusement that takes the place of politics and other avocations with men—wouldn't it be a good plan to permit each woman to smuggle a certain amount on a voyage? It would be necessary to keep up the fun of the game, to have the inspectors hunt for the property and to confiscate any in excess of the prescribed amount. This would give women a lot of innocent amusement, with all the sport of outwitting the customs men.



Moissant, the young aviator, has succeeded in reaching London from Paris in his airplane. (Airplane is as good a word as aeroplane and much easier to pronounce.) However, the journey occupied three weeks, too long a time for a oCok's tourist in a hurry—if there are any tourists not in a hurry. But when the airplane is made more practical, what a boon it will be to the tripper. Then she can "do" Paris or Rome without any of the trouble of alighting, going to hotels or wandering around historic buildings. An aerial guide book will tell what the roofs look like, and that will be enough.

The east is progressing. When Reno held a prizefight and a few women were allowed to be present the east smiled and said "Oh, well, you know what the west is. Anything goes out there." Then in Philadelphia two "hopes of the white race" met to see which could most batter the other, and the fill was witnessed by 400 or so women. All this talk about the west must be bunkum, when even sleepy old Philadelphia can put it all over rustling Reno.

At last the Outlook managed to get its name mentioned in connection with its correspondent's tour.

Ten monoplanes and 20 biplanes rave been ordered for the French army. Probably they will hover above the troops during a charge, said troops going ahead like mad lest one of the sky skirmishers fall upon them.